

Mode Depeche

"Blasphemous Rumours"

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Girl of sixteen

Whole life ahead of her

Slashed her wrists

Bored with life

Didn't succeed

Thank the Lord

For small mercies

Fighting back the tears

Mother reads the note again

Sixteen candles burn in her mind

She takes the blame

It's always the same

She goes down on her knees and prays

I don't want to start

Any blasphemous rumours

But I think that God's

Got a sick sense of humor

And when I die

I expect to find Him laughing

Girl of eighteen

Fell in love with everything

Found new life
In Jesus Christ
Hit by a car
Ended up
On a life support machine
Summer's day
As she passed away
Birds were singing
In the summer sky
Then came the rain
And once again
A tear fell
From her mother's eye
I don't want to start
Any blasphemous rumours
But I think that God's
Got a sick sense of humor
And when I die
I expect to find Him laughing

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